Pierce

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care,
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear,

And oft are its glories confess’d, But what must it be to be there?
From trials without and within; But what must it be to be there?
The Church of the First-born above, But what must it be to be there?

Words: Elizabeth Mills
Music: I. B. Woodbury
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